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Title: Biography of Revenge

Author: O'Huine Goth  
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Well... my story  
started when I was  
born in a Valley Elf  
tribe East of Yew.  
The Elders belived  
that due to my rather  
peculiar birth mark, I  
was part of a  
prophecy. The one  
prophecy. The one  
who would bring  
desctruction and  
terror among the tribe.  
What did they do?  
They simply  
abandoned me as a  
child in the middle of  
the forest, alone and  
helpless against the  
beasts. I was lucky  
though, as a dwarf  
found me and thought  
that I could be of some  
use in their mines. I  
grew up mining for  
gold and ore in many  
mountain ranges. I  
remember once, we  
were mining near the  
mountains of my  
former village, and as  
I looked down I saw all  
the houses with their  
chimneys lit up as  
smoke rose above  
them. Children  
playing in the streets,  
and the Elders  
drinking their best  
wine on the patio of  
their guild hall. All  
this I saw while I  
struck the stone over  
and over, day and  
night, winter and  
summer. Those  
hypocrits did nay  
know that the

prophecy would only  
come to be true  
because of their  
stupid beliefs. My  
objective had now  
changed in life, I  
would no longer want  
to be the best  
blacksmith, but I  
wanted revenge for  
the life I had been  
taken away. My  
escape from the mines  
was easy, when the  
dwarven guard passed  
by, I just had to  
squeeze his neck until  
all his air was drawn  
out. The dwarves had  
not perceived that  
since I was an elf, I  
had grown stronger  
than many of their  
guards were. I  
took his sword, which  
was a short sword for  
my size, and made my  
way out. Slaying  
many guards in order  
to get down the  
mountain and travel  
around Britania in  
search for new  
"friends". I gained my  
fame among the  
brigands by stealing  
and escorting Nobles  
to their death. This  
fame made it possible  
for many men to join  
me in aid for revenge.  
At last came the day  
when I had my own  
army of men, my own  
armor and magic  
broadsword I was able  
to steal from the  
corpse of an enchanter  
who crossed my way.  
I decided to train my  
men near the hedge  
maze and set a camp  
there. Often I would  
go to Yew and buy  
provisions. One day  
before I had decided to  
attack my former  
village, I caught a spy

while my men were training. This dark haired elf was sent by the men of the Village to spy on me. I followed him to some caves in the mountain range and engaged in a battle with him. It was an easy kill, he was rather unexperienced with the sword. The storm seemed to get his attention and every time lightning came down, he panicked. I smiled at this and stuck my sword forward in his stomach, feeling the warmth of his blood running through my fingers. I checked his journal, and this made me furious. The man's name was Rhama'Locke, meaning "Winged Dragon" and he was seen as a hero in his writings, as well as in the letters he carried from his fiancée. The man was seen as a hero and I was a fiend, baptized with the name O'Huine Goth meaning "Dark Enemy"! I should have been Rhama'Locke, the hero. I should have been sitting at my house with my fiancée by my side..... Rhama'Locke, that is one name I will never forget. The next day, we struck the village. I made sure that I killed the elders myself. No one was spared, not even the little children, and the